

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

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GAS.

The quality of the gas furnished by our Bloomfield company (its corporate name of The Montelair Gas and Water Company is misleading) is very good. It is frequently remarked by those who use the gas of other towns and cities that our light is more brilliant and steady and reliable than that to which they are accustomed.

The advantages of gas for family use are very great and easily appreciated. It is always at hand, and requires no care; it is clean and safe; the danger of accidental fires is very small; it is out of reach of children; it can be regulated to the lowest point, and is still free from offensive odors. All these facts are familiar to us, and they are only repeated now for purposes of comparison.

The kerosene, on the other hand is very objectionable. It is troublesome to take care of the lamps, has an offensive smell, is difficult to carry from room to room, is very unsafe if used by children or by careless persons; indeed, it has but two strong advantages; the light it furnishes is clear and strong if you are near to the lamp, and its cost is marvelously small, and yet these two things render it light for the multitude, even in towns which like Bloomfield, have gas mains through nearly all the streets.

The attempt to cheapen the cost of gas is being made in all the large cities, but in most instances the quality is also reduced.

The price charged in Bloomfield is \$3.25 per 1,000 cubic feet. This is much higher than in other places in this vicinity, and makes the cost of gas for a family of moderate size run up to from \$50 to \$75 per year.

But few men can afford to pay so much for light, especially so when the cost of kerosene is hardly one tenth of this sum, and as a result the number of consumers on the company's books is comparatively small.

The cost of maintaining the works and of the system of mains is the same whether one man or ten use the gas in any given street, and the question presents itself whether the company could not make just as much money, taking one year with another, if the prices were put at a figure which men of moderate income could afford to pay.

Gas is worth a great deal more than kerosene; but at the present price it is a luxury beyond the reach of those who would be willing to make some sacrifice, if by so doing they could secure it.

PEDDLERS.

The average peddler may not be an interesting member of society, but he could hardly be pronounced a nuisance. There is, however, one class of peddlers who are a nuisance, and it requires some self-control not to take them in hand and summarily abate them. We refer to the peddlers of candy, books, papers, prize packages, and other trifles, who haunt all of our traveling conveyances.

This experience is so familiar to our readers, that it is scarcely necessary to particularize. Who has not been annoyed, just as he was preparing to read his newspaper, by having a book tossed into his lap? Just as you become interested in looking out of the window at a fine bit of landscape, a paper of candy, hard enough to be used to build a solid foundation for our new fire-truck house, is thrust upon you, and a boy whose vocal chords all seem to have been switched into his nose informs you that there is a "prize in every package."

You feel like compelling the fellow to eat his own candy, for you are well convinced that there is no punishment more severe than this.

Books "warranted to contain 1,000 fresh jokes" are placed before you. Photographs of Coney Island, with "all the principal objects of interest," invite your spare change, and you are compelled to endure about a dozen attacks from the train peddler before his stock is exhausted.

On the steamboat the trouble is aggravated by the addition of the itinerant musician, who sticks his greasy cap under your nose and jingles his few pennies in your face; also by the waiter, who brings cheap cigars and sandwiches, and lager beer, and cannot seem to understand why a man who wants a sail should not care to drink and smoke all the time.

A man cannot even ride from New York to Bloomfield without submitting to a moderate degree of vexation from this source.

When we remember that this matter is entirely under the control of the railroad and steamboat companies, and that presumably they have no share in the profits of the business, we think it is not too much to ask that they shall at least regulate this traffic, which bids fair to make traveling for pleasure a thing of the past.

A TRACT designed to illustrate "the ruinous effects of Sabbath recreations" was recently left at the door of one of our editors. The picture on the cover shows a very quiet scene which is being driven at a break-neck pace over a country road with a mile post in sight which says, "Five miles to Boston." The reins are held tight by a hard-looking youth whose coat tails, and hair, and stove pipe hat, are waving defiance to countrymen who cannot seem to keep up with the youth. We take it for granted the time is the Sabbath. This tract had been given to the wrong editor, for our horse could not keep ahead if he were the only one in the race; even a mile post which had gotten five miles from Boston could beat him. Besides, we do not wear stove pipe hats any more, and go regularly to church; so we will pass the tract along to some one of our subscribers whose fast nags take him away from instead of to the meeting-house. Possibly our Sabbath-breaking friend has heard the Rev. W. H. Murray preach or possibly the Rev. Murray is himself the hard-looking youth.

JUDGE JEREMIAH S. BLACK died at his home in York, Pa., on Sunday last. The daily papers have recounted his services and praised his strong and vigorous, and manly character. His public services were numerous, and have covered a period of great importance. It is enough for us to say, that he was steadfast in his devotion to the Union at a time when the general government was a hotbed of treason. His life is remarkable for the amount of hard work which he performed, that not only secured him a handsome fortune, but also an enduring place among the greatest lawyers of his time.

THE Democrats seem afraid to put up their candidate for Governor; they announced that the day has not been definitely fixed for holding their convention, and would evidently be relieved if they could persuade the Republicans to open the ball. The fact is, if they dared, they would nominate a man whom they are afraid might be beaten by a strong Republican; when they know whom they are to oppose they can then determine just how objectionable a man they can hope to elect. There are more Democrats than Republicans in New Jersey, but the majority for Gov. Ludlow was so small they are obliged to pay some regard to the proprieties in making a nomination.

If you are troubled with hay fever, try to conceal the fact. If the information gets abroad, you may be overrun with invitations to hay fever conventions and picnics, and all that sort of amusement. We wonder why people who rejoice in other forms of affliction do not "pool their issues," and advertise the fact that no remedy has been discovered for their particular disease.

The fact seems to be that there is something serious about gout, and rheumatism, and fits, and colic, and yellow fever, and cholera, while a man who can always arrange to have his hay fever on August 20th in each year, including leap year, may be excused for enjoying the fun, since he also knows just how soon it will take its departure. It is a queer malady, but that perhaps the fault of Henry Ward Beecher, who probably would not willingly be sick in the old fashioned, common way.

THE wife-beater is about the meanest specimen of a male brute known to the law. It is difficult to punish such a wretch. In most cases no complaint is made, and when they are complained of and sent to the penitentiary, the fellow has good board and a comfortable bed, and rarely fares as well or better than at home, while the miserable wife, sick and lame from her beating, is deprived of the wages earned by her muscular lord, and goes to the poorhouse or suffers from hunger. These fellows deserve the whipping post.

SOME roses are hardy; heroes (*Bulletus montanus*). And some are good to eat; hardy roses (*Delavari excelsior*). And some are good to vote; negroes (*Georgicus nigra*). P. S. One variety (*Porterius pullmannus*) is also invaluable in the sleeping car. And some are good to shoot; arrows (*Camonea badus*). And some are native to the United States (*Spizella carolinensis*). While one kind is made into whiskey; corn rows (*Spiritus frumenti optimus*). And one grows best in baseball grounds; the wildt rows (*Trans fennicus*). But some grow in the corn field; black rows (*Corvus americanus*). And some grow in the wheat field; scared rows (*Antigus tristriatus*). And some grow on the counter; Rosenbaum (*Sheapus glaucopterus*).—Burlington Hawkeye.

BEST you do all you say you will do, you will probably wear out one pair of shoes and possibly two pairs.

A Trip into Mexico.

At this dull season of the year, when it is not, a common experience on the road, to pass more than a mile and a half of civilization; so I shall take the opportunity to continue my story.

Soon after leaving Deming, in south western New Mexico, we ran into the famous alkali deserts. No words can describe these terrible wastes. The dried grass and stunted bushes, so long a familiar feature of the landscape, gradually disappeared. Those outlying series of vegetation, the cactus plants, grew more rugged and torn with each mile of progress until they were so far from the nearest mission and death that it was a relief when they, too, had been left behind. Now, on every hand stretched a level plain covered with white incrustation of alkali. The sky was intensely blue and the atmosphere as clear as crystal. The glare of the bright sunlight reflected from the white surface of the ground was almost unbearable, and a fine impalpable dust crept through cracks and crevices of the alkali. Our eyes grew red and inflamed; our throats hot, dry, and parched. No amount of drinking could stop the burning. It grew hotter and hotter; the whole surface of the plain was covered with air which shivered and shimmered as though a hot furnace glowed beneath. The mirage which at first brought all hope on a river in the plain, became a constant as to excite no attention. The eye scanned in vain for the least sign of life of any sort. "Abomination of desolation," I said to myself, and thought that if this was a sample of the dry and waterless places of the earth to which the cast-out devil went, I could readily understand why he found no rest and was anxious to return.

After a time we came to a less barren region; the cactus and tufted grass returned. Mountains rose out of the plain, and houses and buildings were no longer a necessity to be dredged. At Lordsburg Mr. William Farrish, Superintendent of the Carlisle Gold Mine, and a mining expert of great repute on the Pacific slope, joined us. He was accompanied by a very tall, heavy man, with an eye like a hawk, which appeared to constantly look out for something not plainly visible. He wore a long linen duster, and, although I had never seen one, it seemed to me to look like a Mormon doctor. Presently he took his coat and disclosed a belt full of cartridges and a six-shooter as long as my forearm. My curiosity was by this display still further excited, and I took the first convenient opportunity to increase my information, which as yet, was confined to knowledge of the gentleman's name—Stocking. I learned from Mr. Farrish that our friend who carried around him a six-shooter, lighted his gun, and incited him wherever he went, not being considered helpful for a superintendent to travel alone in those parts. He felt perfectly able to take care of himself, but he had finally secured a good guard to satisfy his wife. To show me how fitted "Major" Stocking was for the place he told me a Mormon lady, some years ago, had offered Stocking two thousand dollars to rescue her husband from a mob who were about to lynch him. One thousand dollars were paid down and the rest was to be paid on completion of the work. He rescued the man, but was so riddled with bullets that he had just strength to crawl into the bushes, whence he was carried by friends. It took him a whole year to recover from the effects of this encounter. I afterward heard from the "Deacon's" own lips many entertaining stories of very lively adventures, one of which I may relate further on.

Two other members of our expedition force joined us during the day. Mr. Lind, one of the principal mining machinery contractors of the West, and Mr. Cutter, a veteran miner, known apparently to every man and woman in all this region. These two men have visited every mining camp of any importance from Oregon to Mexico. Many and wonderful are the stories of privation, toll, and trouble which they can tell of these years of travel.

Late in the afternoon our car came to a standstill on a siding, and we were informed that we had reached Fairbank, the end of our railroad journey. I went out to look at the town and go to the telegraph office. When I reached the platform, I paused in astonishment into which entered the slightest element of civilization, a telegraph office. I stepped into it, and, as I stepped in, I heard the ringing of the bell. "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!" I thought. "What can this be? Some mistake? I could take in the whole town at a glance. One stable, one bar room, two other shanties on the left of the track; to the right and ahead an old freight car on a siding with some steps leading up to the door in its side and evidently inhabited. Such is Fairbank. Not another habitation in sight, although the surrounding land is open to view for miles. Surely, I thought, we have reached the jumping-off place of civilization at last. Not finding anything in my survey of the premises which at all tallied with my idea of what might be a post office, I returned to the inside for additional information. As a result I jumped off and made haste toward the stranded freight car. Two dark skinned Mexicans sat in the dirt at the foot of the steps, leaning against a light car. Having mounted, I found myself in the railroad freight, telegraph, and post office, and at the same time in the residence of the station agent, telegraph operator, and postmaster, and his assistant. In one end of the car were the desks and tables of the office, and in the other the coats, clothes, wash basins, dishes, etc., of the dining room bed, room, kitchen, and office. I secured the mail, took in the situation, and retreated to the Jerome Marble. I had thought living in a car quite a fine thing, but here I discovered there were cars and cars.

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